

in approximately 400 chapters throughout the United States, including 23 chapters in Michigan.

The founders of Trout Unlimited, or TU, were united by their love of trout fishing and by their growing discontent with the State of Michigan's practice of stocking its waters with hatchery-raised fish. Driven by the belief that Michigan's trout streams could produce fish far superior in both size and fight to these "cookie cutter trout," in 1962-63, TU prepared its first policy statement on wild trout, which persuaded the Michigan Department of Natural Resources to curtail "put-and-take" trout stocking and to start managing for wild trout and healthy habitat. Buoyed by this success, anglers subsequently founded TU chapters in Illinois, Wisconsin, New York, and Pennsylvania with the mission of conserving, protecting and restoring North America's coldwater fisheries and their watersheds.

Indispensable to the success and strength of Trout Unlimited are the thousands of dedicated members and volunteers. TU members have spent countless hours restoring trout and salmon habitat, and some of the most visible effects have been on hundreds of watersheds nationwide. In addition, these members have provided the knowledge and leadership necessary to improve environmental policy on the local, state and national level and to carry out TU's ambitious conservation agenda.

Many have contributed significantly to the success of Trout Unlimited over the past fifty years. Trout Unlimited has been an important, vigilant and effective advocate for coldwater resources in Michigan and across the country. I know my colleagues join me in offering gratitude and appreciation to Trout Unlimited for a job well done. Protecting our natural resources and waterways for future generations is a noble endeavor, and I look forward to another 50 years of responsible environmental stewardship.●

REMEMBERING REBECCA JANE DALTON WEINBERGER

● Ms. SNOWE. Mr. President, today I wish to pay tribute to a great fellow Mainer and a wonderful friend who passed away recently—Rebecca Jane Dalton Weinberger. Today, I would like to take a few moments to offer a few reflections of my own on Jane's life, as well as include some of the thoughts that her exceptional son, Caspar Weinberger, Jr., has shared regarding his beloved mother—and I will ask that Mr. Weinberger's statements upon Jane's passing be printed in the RECORD in their entirety.

Born in Milford, ME, Jane was a notable figure in our State. A writer and publisher of outstanding children's stories, a tireless community volunteer, a woman who in 1942 met—on a troop ship bound for Australia—a man then referred to as U.S. Army CAPT Caspar

W. Weinberger, who would become her husband for 63 years not to mention Secretary of Defense under President Ronald Reagan!—and above all, an extraordinary mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother Jane Weinberger was truly beloved by many and will be profoundly missed by all of us who were fortunate to know her.

Inseparable throughout their 63 years of marriage, Jane and Caspar are indisputably now reunited—together once again—their rightful state of being given all that they meant to each other not only in love but in life, and all of its trials and triumphs. Jane and Cap were passionately devoted to one another—each drawing strength and inspiration from the other's indomitable spirit. In fact, her son tells of how, and I quote, "it was my mother who . . . almost literally pushed him into his first political campaign as the Republican candidate for the State Assembly from San Francisco's 21st Assembly District . . . she did all the campaign things: running the campaign office, calling on potential voters, handing out bumper stickers and posters. Jane was a great organizer, and innovator." And, I would add that they both served as each other's closest confidante and friend—as well as being husband and wife.

And it was Jane who did Caspar the tremendous favor of introducing him to the great State of Maine. Of course, since Jane was a native Mainer through-and-through, as I mentioned at the memorial service for Cap Weinberger in 2006, many back home still referred to him as "Jane's husband!" After all, as anyone familiar with Maine understands, you can never get "top billing" unless you were actually born there—even if you were pivotal in the downfall of the Soviet Union and the end of the Cold War!

And Jane was a force of nature in her own right. In the words of Caspar Weinberger, Jr., "My mother . . . helped her family hold together and prosper often under the most trying conditions that can only be truly understood by those who achieve fame and the scrutiny which go with holding high office in America. She was down to earth and sensible, and she was also a woman of great dignity, beauty and courage . . . She was instrumental in helping her husband win elective office . . . and later (was) a well-known and admired Washington, DC hostess, while Cap was serving in cabinet positions to three different U.S. presidents throughout the 1970's and 80's."

Jane was not only unfailingly dedicated to her family—raising her sons, Caspar and Arlin—but also to her community and the world around her. Again, to quote Mr. Weinberger, she was "certainly civically minded—she was a volunteer in many an organization for the poor and needy." She "volunteered for many civic duties and charities and writing children's stories," and was a former chairwoman of the Folger Shakespeare Library in

Washington, DC; served on the board of Amherst College in Massachusetts; and for many years served on the Board at Jackson Laboratories in Bar Harbor. As Cap Weinberger, Jr. wrote, she believed "that it was most important to contribute to their good efforts in attempting to defeat cancer in every form once and for all."

Once the Weinbergers had arrived back in Maine after their years in Washington, Jane also started a publishing business she had long envisioned, which was chiefly focused on children's books and which she ran for more than 20 years with more than 120 titles. And her company came to be acknowledged, as her son put it, as "not the biggest but among the very best."

On a more personal note, certainly, my husband Jock McKernan—Maine's former Governor—and I have deeply treasured our friendship with Jane and Cap. Every time we drive by the home they cherished on Somes Sound, called "Windswept House" in Mount Desert, ME, I am reminded of the 80th birthday party that Jane threw for Cap. And what a wonderful night that was—under the stars of a spectacular Maine summer sky—with Secretary Colin Powell and so many others joining in the festivities and the laughter. In Caspar Weinberger, Jr.'s words,

She arranged for a startling and magnificent round of fireworks in his honor. Strangely, twelve years later on the night before her passing, my wife and I witnessed another stunning display of fireworks put on just across the inlet to Somes Sound by a neighbor celebrating a wedding or other special event. While these lights were not really designed in her honor, to us it was highly symbolic, as if her time of respect had come and was recognized. In my view, as well it should have been, for she was most definitely the power that guided my father to the heights of American government.

Mr. President, Jane Weinberger achieved her own formidable heights throughout her remarkable lifetime, and we have truly lost a leading light in Maine. My profound sympathies go out to Caspar and Arlin as well as Jane's sister, Virginia, and her three grandchildren and five great-grandchildren at this most difficult of times. Jane will always be in the hearts of those whose lives she touched so deeply.

Mr. President, I ask to have printed in the RECORD Mr. Weinberger's statements to which I referred.

The information follows:

MRS. CASPAR W. (JANE) WEINBERGER DIES

Jane Dalton Weinberger, 91, wife of former President Ronald Reagan's Secretary of Defense, the late Caspar W. Weinberger, died last night, July 12, 2009 in Bar Harbor, Maine. For the last six months, she had been in declining health and was living in a nursing home near her home known as "Windswept House" in Somesville, Maine on Mount Desert Island.

Born Rebecca Jane Dalton in Milford, Maine, on March 29, 1918, Mrs. Weinberger became an Army nurse at the outbreak of World War II. While aboard a troop ship headed to Australia in 1942, she met her husband-to-be, U.S. Army Captain Caspar W.

Weinberger. They were married in Sydney and remained together for 63 years until Caspar's death in late March, 2006.

While Cap (as Caspar was widely known) pursued a career first as a San Francisco, California lawyer and then a public statesman, Jane dedicated herself to raising a family, volunteering for many civic duties and charities and writing children's stories. She was instrumental in helping her husband win elective office as a California assemblyman in the 1950's and later as a well-known and admired Washington, D.C. hostess, while Cap was serving in cabinet positions to three different U.S. presidents throughout the 1970's and 80's.

She was a former chairwoman of the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington and served also on the boards of Amherst College in Massachusetts and the Jackson Laboratory in Bar Harbor, ME. In her early years she was a volunteer at St. Luke's Hospital in the San Francisco Bay Area, and a member of that city's venerable Century Club.

After leaving government service in 1987, Cap and Jane retired to their summer home, Windswept House in Mt. Desert, ME. Cap went on to be the Publisher of *Forbes Magazine* and then became Chairman of the *Forbes Group*. Jane started and operated her own book publishing house, *Windswept House Publishers*, for the next twenty years, producing over 100 titles of mostly children's books.

Jane and Caspar had two children: daughter Arlin Weinberger, now residing in Marin County, California and son Caspar Jr., presently residing with his wife in Mt. Desert, ME. Jane also leaves her sister, Virginia Garceau of Brewer, ME, daughter-in-law Mavis, three grandchildren, Louise Murray, James Weinberger, Rebecca Werber, and five great-grandsons.

"My mother was a wonderful woman who helped her family hold together and prosper often under the most trying conditions that can only be truly understood by those who achieve fame and the scrutiny which go with holding high office in America. She was down-to-earth and sensible, and she was also a woman of great dignity, beauty and courage. She was a wonderful hostess, gave great parties and donated much of her time to helping others in San Francisco, Washington, D.C. and Maine. She was always a loving wife to her husband before his passing in 2006. All of her family will miss her very much, but are glad that she has finally reached a lasting peace," her son Caspar Weinberger, Jr. said today.

In line with her wishes, there will be no formal services for Jane; her ashes will be scattered on the gardens she loved and tended at her *Windswept House*. The family asks that in lieu of flowers and cards, donations be made to the *Weinberger Foundation*, the family non-profit organization, at P.O. Box 860, Mt. Desert, ME 04660.

REBECCA JANE DALTON WEINBERGER (1918–2009)

DEAR EDITOR, I write this letter today with a heavy heart, but also with a sense of pride and certain knowledge that now the journey of my dear parents is finally complete. Rebecca Jane Dalton Weinberger, wife of the late great American statesman, and my father, Caspar W. Weinberger, died late last night, Sunday July 12, at Sonogee Nursing Home in Bar Harbor. The cause was a massive stroke coupled with extreme old age.

First and foremost, she was my mother. For all my life, I was close to her and we felt a camaraderie shared by being in the orbit, as well as in the shadow, of a highly famous man. Rebecca Jane Dalton Weinberger was a

very strong and yet a most down-to-earth lady of Maine. She was born in Milford, near Old Town, on March 29, 1918. Although she was not into astrology, I am, and believe me my mother was definitely an Aries through and through. By which I mean she was of a fiery temperament, extremely sure of herself, of what was right and what was wrong, but also innovative in spirit and in practice. Aries is the first sign of the Zodiac, symbolizing the initial spark of light and fire. Jane was a good mother, a fine cook, and certainly civically minded: she was a volunteer in many an organization for the poor and needy.

What is it with these special New England genetics that seem to breed so many naturally long-living Maine people? I don't really know; perhaps it is just a real love of life regardless of its pain or pleasure, of which my mother surely knew both. Jane was a gardener but that was the limit of her outdoor exercise. She did enjoy swimming, but hardly on any regular body-building schedule. She drank a lot of wine, and heavier spirits when she was younger, although she always controlled herself with not even a suspicion of intoxication, although I am sure on many occasions she was happily drunk. Nevertheless, she still managed always to look elegant and at ease even under the worst of circumstances and she lived to be over ninety-one years old. Given all that she went through in Cap's last years of suffering (he was on dialysis for three years) especially at his passing in the spring of 2006, it is amazing that she still had most of her wits until the very end. She out-lived her husband by three years and she was a great lady to be around.

From what I know of her early history, my mother found herself born into a quasi-indigent and somewhat dysfunctional family—her father simply left home one day when she was about eight years old and never came back. But Jane did not quit. By early adulthood she had a nursing degree from the Summerville Nursing Academy and World War II was calling for her services. She was sworn in as a Second Lieutenant U.S. Army nurse in 1941 and soon was transferred to the Pacific theater. On her way aboard a ship to care for soldiers in Australia, she met her life-mate. She told me the story once of how a girl friend had said "Oh, you married some soldier," to which my mother responded "Yes, some soldier!"

And, indeed Army Lieutenant, soon to be Captain Caspar "Cap" Weinberger was that and more. A lifetime public servant, he was a California assemblyman who went on to serve in many U.S. cabinet posts and eventually became President Ronald Reagan's Secretary of Defense. Cap and Jane married in Australia in 1942. My sister arrived first in 1943, while I waited until 1947. Through circumstance—once married and pregnant, Jane was sent by the Army, per regulations, back to the States—my sister, Arlin, was born in Old Town, Maine, while I became a child, like my father, of the West Coast, a native San Franciscan. Actually, we lived first in Sausalito, California, across the Bay from San Francisco. In 1949, we moved to the city, living in what is now known as the Pacific Heights neighborhood. My father was a law clerk in the city and then eventually a young lawyer in a corporate law firm.

My father was generally shy and not very forthcoming in those days, but he was also bored with the law. In High School he had been fascinated by the U.S. Congressional Record, and the daily transcript of Congress in action. Today, he would have been known as a "wonk," a bookish and slightly withdrawn man. Nevertheless, he had served as Student Body President at San Francisco's Polytechnic High, located right next to the

old Kezar Stadium in Golden Gate Park. Then he had gone on to Harvard and the Harvard Law School. Yet, it was my mother who warmed him up to, and then almost literally pushed him into his first political campaign as the Republican candidate for the State Assembly from San Francisco's 21st Assembly District. It was victorious and he served three consecutive two-year terms.

She did all the campaign things: running the campaign office, calling on potential voters, handing out bumper stickers and posters. Jane was a great organizer, and innovator. She could make stuff out of nothing, and she was a good writer as well. She was regularly published in the smaller publications of the day and one of her stories was called "Lemon Drop," about an elephant, as I recall, and it was republished many times while winning many awards.

In my elementary and high school days in California, Jane was always active with volunteer groups, especially the St. Luke's Hospital Auxiliary. She was a member of the Century Club of San Francisco. I often drove her to meetings at the Club's lovely mansion near the California Street Cable Car line.

Well, boys miss their mothers. I am no longer a boy, of course, although inside I still feel like one, but I shall always feel for my mother and all she went through in the world of politics and government. It was a great journey, with lots of excitement, many highs, but also many lows. Such is the nature of most lives, but my parents' existences were perhaps grander, perhaps more intense than most.

Jane became the Chairwoman of the Folger Library, the great Shakespeare monument and treasure trove of things English, in Washington, D.C. She hosted so many fine parties for pretty much the entire nation's "A-list" of actors, politicians, scientists, professors, etc. and I was happy to be in attendance at many of these events, with my lovely wife of many years, Mavis. We met many of the world's most recognizable characters simply because of my parent's associations and as such we were most privileged indeed.

When she left Washington, moving with Cap back to Maine, Jane started a business she had dreamed of running all her life: *Windswept House Publishers*, a largely children's book publishing house which she ran for over twenty years right from her own home in Somesville on MDI. With over 120 titles, her little company became recognized throughout New England as "not the biggest but among the very best," as more than one reviewer attested.

For many years, Jane served on the Board at the Jackson Lab in Bar Harbor believing that it was most important to contribute to their good efforts in attempting to defeat cancer in every form once and for all. Today, the *Weinberger Foundation* which I started when Cap died continues to contribute to the Lab in the hope that the goal Jane and so many others dreamed about may one day be reached.

On Cap's 80th birthday, August 18, 1997, Jane hosted a major celebration at *Windswept*. Many dignitaries, friends and family attended. Arranged for a startling and magnificent round of fireworks in his honor. Strangely, twelve years later on the night before her passing, my wife and I witnessed another stunning display of fireworks put on just across the inlet to Somes Sound by a neighbor celebrating a wedding or other special event. While these lights were not really designed in her honor, to us it was highly symbolic, as if her time of respect had come and was recognized. In my view, as well it should have been, for she was most definitely the power that guided my father to the heights of American government.

In addition to my sister, Arlin, and me, Jane leaves one sister, Virginia Garceau. Jane had three grandchildren, my nephew, James, and my two daughters, Louise and Rebecca. She left this life knowing also that she had five great grandsons, Timothy, David, George, Douglas Caspar and Charles. In a very strange twist of fate, Jane's ten-year old thoroughbred Golden Retriever, "Brandy," died of a sudden stroke last Tuesday, July 7, right on the Full Moon. In my view, his death meant that he will be there for Jane in her spiritual journey beyond this life. Wow! Jane had a wonderful long life, perhaps rewarded for all her service by a just God or perhaps simply by the sense of firm resolve and purpose she brought to everything she did; most likely it was by a combination of both.

But primarily, as is most important to me, Rebecca Jane Dalton Weinberger was my mother. I loved her dearly and I shall miss her very much. But I am happy too for her, as at long last she can leave this weary Earth and perhaps re-join her husband of 63 years. Thank you, Jane for giving me not just life but a wonderful life. Indeed, though it was hardly your nature, may you now rest most peacefully.

CASPAR W. WEINBERGER, Jr.,
Mount Desert, ME.●

COMMENDING KITTERY TRADING POST

● Ms. SNOWE. Mr. President, with summer in full swing, I wish today to recognize a small family-run Maine business that has been outfitting customers with all of their outdoor needs for over 70 years. The Kittery Trading Post, located in Maine's southernmost town of Kittery, offers outdoor enthusiasts a shopping experience that is nearly as enjoyable as their outdoor activities.

The Kittery Trading Post holds a special place in the hearts of Mainers and tourists alike as it is one of the first visible landmarks upon entrance into our State from New Hampshire. The Trading Post was established by Philip Adams in 1938 and began small as a one-room, 360 square-foot retail location cohabitating with a gas station. Mr. Adams initially started his business by swapping gas for pelts, supplies for cars, and beef for ammunition. While the Trading Post has grown and much has changed over the years, it remains a family-owned and operated business to this day.

In 1961 Phillip Adams sold the trading post to his 21-year-old son, Kevin. Under Kevin's leadership, the Kittery Trading Post was voted Independent Specialty Retailer of the Year in 1979 by the United State Sporting Goods Industry. Kevin operated the company until his retirement in 1986, when the reins were passed on to Gary, Phillip, Kevin F., and Kim Adams. During this period, the Trading Post was presented with the Governor's Award for Business Excellence in 1995, a celebrated honor given to businesses that make generous contributions in the areas of community, employment, and service.

Phillip and Gary retired in 1999 and 2001 respectively, leaving the family business under the able leadership of

Kevin F. and Kim. In 2001, the Trading Post earned yet another prestigious and coveted award, when the Maine Merchants Association named the Kittery Trading Post the Retailer of the Year.

Since its inception, the Kittery Trading Post has grown exponentially, resulting in its current size of 90,000 square feet of retail space. Spread out across three spacious levels, each area containing products appealing to a variety of customers, including quality and affordable provisions for hunting and archery, camping and travel, food and lodging, and fishing and marine activity, among others. The camping, rock climbing, water and winter sports divisions reside on the upper floor. Below that is the largest shooting sports department in New England, including over 3,000 used firearms in stock. And on the lower level is Kittery Trading Post's expansive fishing section.

In addition to the retail space, the Trading Post has two off-site warehouses, providing the firm with an additional 94,000 square feet of space to help increase the distribution of its products and keep up with the demands of online customers via the company's user-friendly website. The Kittery Trading Post offers free shipping on orders over \$50, and also assures each customer that if they are not completely satisfied with their purchase they may return it for a full refund or replacement.

As a vibrant and active member of the local community, the Kittery Trading Post hosts a variety of seminars and events throughout the year. These events include weekly community bicycle rides, fly fishing lessons for children, and classes for gun owners on firearm reloading safety.

Over the course of its lengthy history, the Kittery Trading Post has expanded into a singular name in Southern Maine's outdoor sports outfitting arena. A true Maine gem, the Trading Post is an impressive destination for the amateur and the experienced outdoorsman alike. I commend everyone at the Kittery Trading Post for their exceptional work in providing quality and friendly service to tens of thousands of visitors each year, and wish them continued success for future decades.●

COMMENDING EDWIN C. PETRANEK

● Mr. THUNE. Mr. President, today I thank an American veteran for his valiant service to our country in the Advanced European Theater of Operation during World War II. Edwin C. Petranek was born September 9, 1916, in White River, SD. After graduating from the University of South Dakota in 1942, he was commissioned second lieutenant with the ROTC program and assigned to the 34th Infantry Division. Ed then went on to serve in Africa, Italy, and France until 1945 as a member of the 1st Battalion, Company A

and B, 143rd Infantry, 36th Division as platoon leader.

Ed was eventually made first lieutenant, and his division took part in breaking the German defenses around Rome and in the invasion of southern France. He was wounded four times in the line of duty and returned to combat again and again. Ed left the European theater only after shattering his hip and being fitted with a full body cast.

Ed recovered and received a medical discharge in 1946 but stayed in the Army Reserves for 10 additional years, during which he returned to South Dakota and completed a master's degree. Upon receiving an honorable discharge in 1956, Ed continued to serve in a civilian capacity as an educator and coach. Here his commitment to excellence remained evident as he earned induction into the South Dakota Athletic Director Hall of Fame.

Both at home and abroad, the perseverance exhibited by South Dakota's own Ed Petranek remains an example to us all. This man has been awarded the Silver Star, a Purple Heart with three oak leaf clusters, a Bronze Star with cluster for meritorious service, and many other honors. Ed was also presented the French Legion of Honor. Today we have the chance to thank him for his dedication and to reflect on the true meaning of service.●

COMMENDING LIEUTENANT COLONEL (RETIRED) WALTER PAUL

● Mr. UDALL of Colorado. Mr. President, today I acknowledge the retirement of LTC (Ret.) Walter Paul, of the Colorado Army National Guard, and to recognize him for his distinguished public service as the resource manager and legislative director of the Colorado Department of Military and Veterans Affairs from 1999-2009.

Walter Paul was born in Vienna, Austria, and raised in the state of Victoria, Australia. He received a BS in chemistry from the University of Wisconsin in 1971. After college, he entered the U.S. Army as an artillery officer and served on active duty in Oklahoma, California, and Germany. He left active duty in 1978 but remained committed to his service by joining the California Army National Guard. When he moved his family—his wife Anna and two daughters—to Colorado in 1979, he transferred to the Colorado Army National Guard. As an artillery officer in the Colorado Army National Guard, he commanded the 2nd Battalion 157th Field Artillery in Colorado Springs.

As a traditional guardsman, Lieutenant Colonel Paul served as a member of the Guard on weekends while maintaining a business career during the week. He worked for Honeywell Semiconductor Division in Colorado Springs as a military program manager. In 1986, he earned his MBA from the University of Colorado at Colorado Springs, UCCS, and for 13 years, he taught part time at the UCCS Business